

The Historie

Coosen, on wednesday next our Counsel we will hold  
At Windfore, so informe the Lordes:  
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be said and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will, my liege.

Exeunt.

Enter prince of Wales & Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fals. Now Hal, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde sacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches  
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truly  
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to  
doe with the time of the day? vnles houres were cups of sacke,  
and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and  
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunne him-  
selfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no rea-  
son why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaunde the time  
of the day.

Fals. Indeede you come neere mee nowe Hal, for wee that  
take purses, goe by the moone and the seuen starres, and not by  
Phoebus, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethe sweete  
wag, when thou art king, as God saue thy grace: maiestie I  
should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What noine?

Fals. No, by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-  
logue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs  
that are squires of the nights body, bee called theenes of the  
dayes beautie: let vs bee Dianas forresters; gentlemen of the  
shade, minions of the moone, and let men say, wee bee men of  
good gouernement, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble  
and chaste mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenance we  
steale.

Prince. Thou saiest well, and it holds wel too, for the fortune  
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,  
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now  
a purse

of Henry the fourth.

a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Munday night, and  
most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning got with swearing,  
lay by, and spent with crying, bring in, now in as low an ebbe  
as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the  
ridge of the gallows.

Fals. By the Lord thou saist true lad, and is not my hostesse  
of the tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of Hibla my old lad of the castle, and is  
not a buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fals. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quips  
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe  
Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my hostesse of  
the tauerne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time  
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fals. No, ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prin. Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch,  
and where it would not I haue vsed my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it not here apparant that  
thou art heire apparant. But I prethe sweet wag, shall there bee  
gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolu-  
tion thus subd as it is with the rustie curbe of old father Anticke  
the law, doe not thou when thou art king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord ile be a braue iudge.

Prince. Thou iudget false already, I meane thou shalt haue  
the hanging of the theeues, and so become a rare hangman.

Fals. Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my  
humour, as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suites?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the hangman  
hath no leane wardrob. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyb  
Cat, or a lugg Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a louers Lute.

Fals. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prin. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the malancholy of  
Mooreda the